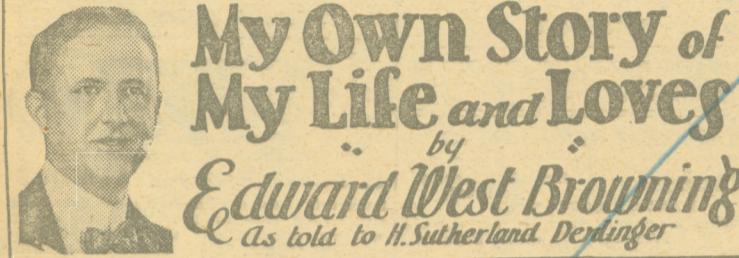


LUXURIES SHOWERED BY BROWNING ON FIRST WIFE FAILED TO SAVE UNION

Dream Garden in the Sky Gift to His Adored Bride

Edward West Browning reveals in today's installment of his own story how he gave up everything except business in order that he might make his first wife happy, just as he did later in Peaches's case. But all the luxuries at his command and all his tireless devotion failed to hold the first Mrs. Browning's love. Read of the "Hanging Gardens of Babylon" and of Dorothy Sunshine's adoption. Exclusively in THE GRAPHIC.



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CHAPTER VI.

When I married Nellie Adele Lowen, on April 15, 1915, I was just forty years old, and if ever a man was at his prime, physically, intellectually and financially, that man was I.

Adele was the daughter of Charles Lowen, a business man in reduced circumstances, and the entire family lived on the not more than \$2,000 a year he was able to scrape together.

Perhaps it was this fact that attracted me to Adele as much as anything else, at first, for it has ever been my way to sympathize with women—and men as well—who find life a struggle, and to help them if I can.

Her modest circumstances had made it necessary for her to repress the artistic inclination, the possessed to a great degree, and I soon found myself yearning to aid her in gratifying these instincts.

Happily Married

She seemed to feel tenderly toward me, I hoped, and finally, her parents consenting, asked her to marry me. I was indeed happy when she agreed! It seemed at last my lot was to be cast in pleasant places.

I did not know, alas, that in a little more than eight years I should be forced to bring suit for divorce!

But I anticipate—

Following our marriage I gave up all my clubs, since Adele seemed to dislike the idea of sharing me with my many friends.

I did this gladly, because I loved her, and immediately set about filling in the vacancy by proceeding to work on a plan which I knew would please her and which had been in the back of my mind for some time.

We were occupying two large suites on the top floor of the Vista, an apartment house on Manhattan Square North.

These suites, light and sunny, were far above the surrounding skyline and looked out over the green expanse of Central Park, and one day as I looked out toward the trees an idea was born.

"Why not, I asked myself, make the roof of the apartment house into a wonderfully beautiful garden for Adele, who so dearly loves flowers and growing things?"

Adele was delighted, and I set about my task. When it was completed it was indeed a thing of beauty and my wife, her love of color gratified to the fullest, was enraptured.

An ornamental stairway led from our luxurious suite to the roof garden, and the garden itself, surrounded by ivy-covered latticed walls that shut out the city completely, was a maze of flowered and green growing things which swayed in the breeze to the melody of many fountains.

Verily a spot for romance, a

haunt for Pan, if that Greek god of the fields ever deigned to visit the metropolis. Alas, it is all gone now!

Several years passed by, during which we were quite happy. I showered Adele with every luxury, and she responded gratefully.

During this period I appeared in the public prints but once, aside from mention of business achievements and commendable activities.

That was in 1916, when my wife and I attended a performance at the Hudson Theater one evening.

Next to us sat a man, and when he rose to go out during an intermission, my wife asked me to change seats with her, telling me that the stranger had annoyed her.

I did so, and when the man returned he at once began berating me loudly:

"You—you," he roared, "what do you mean by changing seats?"

Retorted in Kind

I told him why, without mincing words, and ushers, urged on by the protests of the playgoers, finally succeeded in quieting him.

But when he rose to go out and I made way for him he turned on me and struck me in the jaw before breaking into a run and leaving the theater.

I rushed out and caught him, and learned, to my surprise, that he was Elijah J. Payn, son of Lou Payn, who before his death was a noted Republican leader. Payn was given a fine in Special Sessions later on, and finally paid me large damages after a civil suit. An expensive evening for him!

But he was a man, and you can fight men.

But, aside from this incident, as I say, and once before my marriage, in 1912, when the newspapers got wind of my plan to endow a million-dollar research institute, I had had no publicity; certainly no unfavorable publicity.

No children were born of my marriage, a fact which, while it did not seem to sadden my wife, rendered me less happy than I should have been with childish faces to gladden our home.

In an effort to please me, perhaps, my wife, early in 1918, adopted a little girl, whom we named Margery Gloria Browning.

Little Margery did so much to brighten our house that I decided to adopt another child for my very own, and on April 1, 1920, a few months later, I signed temporary

papers giving me little Stella Brussell, foster daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Brussell, for a "trial adoption" period of about a month.

When I found little "Stella" as she was called then, through an advertisement which I had placed in one of the papers, she was a tiny little thing living in the two-room basement apartment occupied by her foster parents.

The child was born Dorothy Lane, her father had died and the Brussells had adopted her from her indigent mother, changing her name to Stella. Then, they told me, they themselves fell into straitened circumstances and were unable to care for the little girl in addition to their own children.

On April 16 I signed the final papers with Mr. and Mrs. Brussell, and Stella Brussell became Dorothy again—Dorothy (Sunshine) Browning.

I called her Dorothy because it seemed to me a nice tribute to her mother to restore her original name.

The "Sunshine"—Ah, but if you knew her (she is now 10) you would not ask!

Never Regretted Step

Despite all the difficulties that have resulted from it, despite the charges later made by the woman who was Mrs. Brussell until, as her husband states, he divorced her a few years ago and who has lately become Mrs. St. John, I have never for an instant regretted my adoption of Dorothy or the attentions I have lavished upon her.

She has been—I say it truthfully—the one really true, loyal feminine heart I have known since mother died!

But again I anticipate!

As 1921 passed into 1922 and the new year in turn waxed old, I was aroused from my new-found happiness in the children to the realization that my wife's attitude toward me had changed.

She had become moody, preoccupied, short in her answers to me, careless of my comfort and uninterested in the things I would do in an effort to restore her happiness. She went out much, saying she was having her teeth attended to.

For a long time I did not reproach her, until one day it seemed best to me to get at the bottom of things in order to straighten out our muddled relationship.

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No Taint in Willie, Declares Brother

(Continued from Page 5)

I thought I had given him information enough.

Q. If you did not know the time of the shooting, why did you say (in 1922) that you were on the beach until 10:30 or 11 p. m., placing you there at the exact time the shots were fired and then, when you were arrested, tell Capt. Walsh that you left the beach at 9 o'clock? A. I did stop fishing at 9 o'clock, but went back, returning to the house with my tackle at a little after 10.

Q. You were interviewed by the World on September 25, 1922? A. I don't remember.

Makes Him Repeat Story

Simpson had Stevens repeat the story of his actions from Saturday, when the bodies were found, until the next Thursday.

Q. Didn't you tell reporters that you had been in seclusion on advice of Senator Florence, your lawyer? How long does it take you to drive from Lavallette to New Brunswick? A. About two and a half hours.

Simpson told an elderly man whom he called "Beek" to rise in the spectators' seats.

"Didn't you tell this man that you knew of a back road by which you could get to New Brunswick in an hour and a half?"

"I don't remember. I did show him a back road."

Q. Were you always friendly and cordial with Dr. Hall? A. I was.

Q. Did you find his body at home? A. No.

Q. Did you go down to the undertaker's to look at the face of this man with whom you had been so cordial? A. I did not.

On Road Day of Wedding

Q. Were you at your sister's wedding? A. No, I was on the road on a business trip.

Q. Did you object to her marrying? A. I did at first; I wanted my sister to be happy.

Q. Did your sister tell you in June that her husband was having an affair with a woman in his parish? A. She did not.

Q. If she had, and if she had asked you to go with her to confront them, what would you have done?

The court overruled Simpson's question.

Simpson at this point had the witness testify that Mrs. Hall always called him "Henry," but addressed Henry Carpender, also placed at the murder scene, always as "Harry."

Mrs. Jane Gibson testified that Mrs. Hall called "Oh, Henry," to the man the "pig woman" believed to be the actual killer.

Q. When you were in New York after the funeral, did you tell anybody where you were? A. Mrs. Hall knew where I was. My friends in Lavallette knew it.

Present at Interview

Q. Were you present at a Sunday night interview between Prosecutor Beekman, Mr. Totten and Mrs. Hall? A. Yes, in and out.

Q. At the prosecutor's office were you picked out by Jane Easton as one of the men she saw at the murder? A. A woman came in while I was there. She said she had been sent for. She did not identify me in my presence.

Q. On Sunday, how long were you at your sister's house? A. Off and on all day and part of the evening.

Q. Where did you go Monday after the interment? A. To a subway station and by subway to my New York apartment.

Q. What kind of clothes did you wear on Thursday? A. Light flannel shirt and an old pair of flannel or khaki trousers.

Q. Did you change your clothes that day? A. I did not.

Q. What time did you get the telegram from Mr. Carpender? A. About 3 o'clock.

Q. Did you telegraph or telephone the Carpender home? A. I don't remember.

Thinks He Wired

Q. If you phoned, isn't it funny that they didn't tell you of the murder? A. I did one thing or the other; I don't remember. I think I wired him.

Q. You say you had supper at the Carpender house before you went to see your sister, to comfort her in her bereavement. Why didn't you put your arms around her and kiss her, instead of filling your stomach? A. I went to Mr. Carpender's house at his request, because he said "they will be having supper and in the meanwhile I can tell you about the murder."

"Your brother and sister were locked up, and you didn't raise a hand to help them or come near them. You were afraid to come near here, afraid you would be identified. You didn't poke your nose in the jail until you were dictated?"

Simpson's voice was biting with sarcasm as he taunted the witness for not going to his sister and brother's aid when they were arrested. He could not wring from Henry, however, an admission that he stayed away because he feared his own arrest.

A. I did everything I could to help them. I talked things over with several friends.

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